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Chapter 1: "Ari is on fire again,"

[image]

Yes, this book may be stereotypical.

And also yes, the first TLOK book is finished.

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"Papá?" (Dad) A rather weak voice called out. America was sitting on his bed, cleaning his sunglasses. As soon as he heard the child-like vocals and his room door open slowly, he closed his eyes. America was used to his door being opened randomly throughout the day. "Yes, Honey?" The starred country replied to the voice.

Young Hawaii walked into her father's bedroom.

Her flip-flops clicked as she walked across the hardwood floor. Not questioning why America was cleaning sunglasses, Hawaii played with her fingers. "Ari is on fire again. Aaaaaaand, Delaware can't find the fire extinguisher. Can you help e 'olu‘olu?" (Please) The Hawaiian asked, looking at her parental figure, who now had his extremely tinted sunglasses on. Hawaii reached her arms upwards, brown eyes wanting nothing more than to be held. And the U.S.A granted that, picking her up carefully so he didn't ruin her hula skirt.

"Let's go, shall we?"

And on that note, America and Hawaii journey out of America's room and to the living quarters of the household. The two walked down a flight of stairs with a small thump for every stair taken. They make it into the Living room, where the State of Iowa was. She happened to be chewing on a raw potato and was looking at a large ass television. It was muted, but the state appeared to be

enjoying herself nonetheless. Along with this, Iowa was lounging on a long-ass couch.

What shocked the American was that his daughter had a tank top and shorts on. The Air Conditioning in the house was pretty cold, as Alaska was prone to strokes if the temperature was too warm. "Iowa, Good morning," The stripped country called out, his sunglasses in the direction of his kid on the couch. She looked away from the TV and at her father's blue eyes scanning him, and then Hawaii in his multicoloured arms. The United States of America was about to ask a question when he saw the other end of the couch move. Both he and Hawaii nearly jumped out of their skin when a blanket that said *TEXAS* shook. Whatever was under there rolled over.

Oh, it was just Rhode Island. His state flag peaked out to the others in the cold room, and both Hawaii and her dad calmed down instantly. *Baby Rhode*. He and Hawaii were the quote *Babies of the house,* Even though the tiny state himself wasn't actually a baby. He was short, and that was enough. Everyone lived by that, so there was no point in fighting against it.

"Iowa, do you know where everyone is? I'm sure you know who I'm looking for,"

What an easy question for Iowa.

"I'm pretty sure at least fifteen of my siblings are sleeping: Alabama hasn't started screeching his lungs out yet, so that's good. Maine, D.C, and Maryland are in the kitchen along with Nevada. I'm pretty sure their teaching her to make eggs without burning the house down again," Iowa started, taking a quick glance at America, only to see her sister Hawaii in his arms.

She had a feeling that she knew what her father wanted, but she continued nonetheless. After a minute or so of explaining what she knew, the 29th State spoke about Arizona. "Oh, and Arizona is outside in the rain, trying to defuse his fire. Texas and Massachusetts are also out there with him, making sure the rain water doesn't set on fire as well. Delaware is probably upstairs, still

looking for the fire extinguisher..." Iowa said, her blue eyes now glued to the television in front of her. "And Alaska is surprisingly outside as well, presumably laughing at Ari," She added, taking a huge bite out of a potato. *Corn is way better...*

America was somehow still surprised she knew that much about her siblings without having to get up, but this was *Iowa*, the State who almost always knew what was going on in the house. The only other State even remotely close to knowing what everyone was doing was Delaware, and that was because he was the first State.

"Thanks Iowa,"
"Naturally."

"Okay, Hawaii. I'm going to have to go outside now, your welcome to come, but I have to put you down," America said, lowering the female State to the ground. "Okay, Papá," She answered after straightening out her hula skirt, then following her father on foot through the seemingly endless house. Of course it was large, there were fifty-two people living in there, twenty-seven bedrooms, and eleven bathrooms. And that wasn't even including the other rooms.

America walked out into the large backyard he owned. He wasn't wearing shoes or even a coat, but that didn't really bother him too much. the wet grass squished between his bare feet and rain was starting to dampen his grey NATO sweater. He continued to walk though, seemingly used to it. *Strange*. Luckily it was still light outside, or America would never find Massachusetts, Texas, or Alaska.

He found Arizona in a flash, with his red-and-orange-coloured hair and entire body being on fire and all...

"How long has he been on fire?" America asked, walking over the States who weren't on fire. "Ten minutes. If he's on for any longer, I'm afraid *You-Know-Who* might notice, and will either try to roast marshmallows on him, or throw planks of wood at him." Massachusetts said, watching his younger brother try and catch water droplets on his flaring tongue, failing.

Ever since the first time Arizona caught on fire and rushed out into

the rain, *everyone* else followed, only to be drenched in water. It was a miracle none of them caught a cold after that. It had happened a few times now, and almost every State was used to getting somewhat splashed with water randomly in the day.

"How long-"

"Alaska!" Hawaii yelled, throwing herself on her older brother. "Hey, Hivii," He said, adjusting the small State on his lap so they were both comfortable. It was the coldest State, who happened to have dark blue skin and stars in the shape of the Big Dipper. Alaska also had a small bowl of popcorn on him (Which was really soggy from the rain), and Hawaii was eyeing it, probably wanting some.

"Can I have some-" Hawaii tried to ask her brother, but then noticed Texas' chilling-to-the-bone icy stare. Well, it was more of a blueish-greenish stare, but nevertheless was cold. Texas' State flag was close to the same as Chile, but the blue part of his flag went horizontally all the way down the flag, with his *Lone Star* in the middle of the blue streak, which happened to be the shape of his left pupil as well.

The deadly (ish) stare was mostly aimed towards Alaska, so Hawaii tried her best to ignore it and grabbed a bunch of soggy popcorn and put it in her mouth, eating it like she wasn't in the rain.

It reminded Alaska of a memory:

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"Yahhh think ye can taker my Hivii?" Texas asked Alaska, not pleased. Everyone knew Texas loved his younger sister very much, but he couldn't get it in that stubborn head of his that Hawaii's favourite sibling was Alaska, and every time Texas saw Alaska and Hawaii together, the multicoloured state would think his brother was trying to take the female away from him.

Texas was stubborn like that.

"Texaz, vou know I vas-" Alaska tried to explain, but he stopped when he saw Texas take out his gun. "Texazz..." He said, putting Hawaii down
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from in his arms. He could definitely take on his brother- He was the biggest State- But without a weapon, he couldn't defend.

And Texas held a gun.

So the dark blue State took off running, trying to find someone sensible. He was mainly looking for America, but D.C, Delaware, or even Iowa would help him. "Texazz, vv vou don't need to do thiz!" Alaska yelled, running up the stairs of the mansion he lived in. "Yeee! I do!" Was his response. Alaska somehow got around Texas and ran back downstairs, still looking for someone.

It was when Alaska and Texas ran through the living room, where Idaho, Virginia, Connecticut, Montana, and North Carolina were in when Texas got an idea. He grabbed a potato from Idaho (which he got yelled at for after), and threw it at his brothers legs.

Alaska went down.

Texas took this time and walked up to Alaska, so he was standing over his colder brother. "Y'aah has Yeed your last Haw. End of the line, buckeroo," (I hope I spelt that right... I'm not southern in the slightest...) He said, aiming the gun at his brother's head. Just before Texas pulled the trigger, America jumped in out of nowhere and grabbed Texas' gun.

"You do not shoot your siblings unless you have my permission!"

"Pa, it was a Nurf gun!" Texas countered. He had painted the once-fluorescent coloured toy gun black and added a bunch of things to make it look like a real gun. He would never actually shoot his brother with a real bullet. At least, not for free... "That's no excuse. Your not getting this back for three days," America said, not amused.

"NoOooOooO!"

And those were the worst three days of Texas' life. Sure , he could have gotten a gun from literally any other state; heck, Florida-man gifted them to his siblings randomly. But he didn't, because he thought any gun that wasn't his own creation was a terrible gun. Texas was weird like that.

And that was how Texas learned to never mess with Alaska.

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Texas just glared at Alaska for a few more moments, with both his normal and abnormal eye, before he scolded himself internally for looking too long. He let Alaska and Hawaii do whatever they were doing, and looked back to his brother that was on fire.

After all, being on fire was a normal in the StateHumans' lives.
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Chapter 2: Playing with Dolls.

[image]

The song briefly mentioned is *Sweet Home Alabama* by *Lynyrd Skynyrd.*

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"As I was saying," America continued. "How long had Delaware been gone for?" He asked the other state with a white flag and State Coat of Arms on it: Massachusetts. He side-eyed Texas, who looked rather sad, and it kind of made him sad. "Seven minutes. If he's not back at the ten minute mark, I'm giving Florida-Man permission to roast marshmallows. Even if it's raining," Massachusetts said, not caring when he got a clearly offended protest from Arizona.

Two minutes passed, and Hawaii and Alaska were almost finished their soggy popcorn bowl. It was almost disgusting; how they could even stomach it.

"You guys are gross,"

At nine minutes and fifty-six seconds, Delaware kicked open the door leading to the backyard, a fire Extinguisher in his colonial blue hand.

"It was under North Carolina's bed, apparently South was going to prank him, by spraying him right when he woke up. She was upset that I took it, but I said I would give it back to her later..." Delaware explained walking right into the rain and over to Arizona, not all the concerned about the well-being of his brother. He was wearing shoes, and didn't even look twice at how underdressed America was.

This type of think was normal in America's household.

"Be careful Delaware, you don't want what happened last time to
~~~~~~~~~

happen this time,"

Everyone groaned. The last time Arizona caught on fire, Florida-Man got ahold of the fire Extinguisher first, and literally threw it at his brother. To say the least he had no idea how it worked. The safety tool then caught on fire, and America had to throw Alaska at Arizona to cool him off.

Alaska angrily yelled profanities at everyone except Hawaii that day about the mere facts that he was thrown and almost everyone subconsciously yelled *yeet,* and because he had fallen on top of Arizona in such a fashion that Alabama started to sing *Sweet Home Alabama,* pissing the Russian-American off even more.

Delaware used the fire extinguisher, and was careful this time. A few moments later Arizona's fire was defused, and everything was at peace.

For a few minutes anyways.

"Alaska, can we go inside and dry off please? I'm all wet," Hawaii asked, stating the obvious. Everyone who was outside was drenched in water, and the yellow-and-red striped Arizona also had the pleasure of having a first-degree heat burn almost everywhere, but he was used to it by now. "Ovvv Koarzee," Alaska said, picking up Hawaii.

The States and America then walked into the mansion.

"Pa, where is Florida-man?" Texas asked when they were all inside, confused as to why the crazy State didn't come outside to watch Arizona burn and throw wood at him. It was weird that he wasn't there.

"I'm not sure. He might be in his room with Sincerely, trying to teach him new tricks," America suggested about Florida's pet crocodile.

When Florida-Man was gifted with his crocodile, he named it *Sincerely,* so he could yell to random people: "*Kill him, but Sincerely."* And confuse the crap out of them.

He had the crocodile for two years now, and Sincerely already knew what Florida-man wanted to teach him, and thensome. It was actually kind of scary: how Florida-Man would just say a random word in the middle of the day and the crocodile would come out of nowhere and do some weird stunt. And the words were never the same, either.

America wouldn't admit it, but he was rather scared as to why his son hasn't shown up yet, however he kept it to himself as he didn't want to start a panic. The last time all fifty States when into worrisome phases, the mansion was burnt down. Not a very pleasant memory.

"If he doesn't come down in an hour, I want someone to tell me." America said, making his way back up to his bedroom to change into another of his many NATO sweaters. The States who were outside were now drying off, and Hawaii asked a rather wrong question.

"Alaska, can we have a bath together?" She asked, looking at her brother with her brown-puppy-dog eyes. Alaska flushed. His sister, who he only thought of platonically, had just asked him to have a bath with her. The two states where currently in the living room, and every other State there looked at him, awaiting his response (except for Rhode).

Alaska froze, and in that moment, The state with a Red Cross of St. Andrew, otherwise known as Alabama, came from out of nowhere and told his little sister something, "I will~" He yelled, and no less than two seconds later every state yelled at him. Alabama ran back upstairs, and Hawaii looked back to her brother, awaiting a response.

Alaska still hasn't said anything.

"How about you both have a bath, but with your swimming suits on?" Massachusetts suggested, walking out of the living room towards the closet that held towels. It was gross to be in clothes that were wet.

"Yeah! We can have a bath in our bathing suits! hiki iā mākou?"

(Can we?) Hawaii exclaimed, her brown orbs showing excitement at the idea of having a bath in her bathing suit.

"O-Ovvv Koarzee."

A very excited Hawaii than ran upstairs to her room, to get her bathing suit on, and left Alaska in the living room with the other States still gawking at him. "V-Vhat?" He asked, a tiny bit annoyed. "I should'a shot yeh with ma' gun that day," Texas said, walking past his brother, heading towards his room to get into a dry pair of clothes to change into. Texas was jealous, and every State could see it.

Not even five minutes later, the Island States' Alaska and Hawaii were in the gigantic spa bath, playing with Hawaii's waterproof Barbie dolls.

While in there, they were having so much fun that they didn't hear literally all 46 States (minus Rhode, and I don't count D.C as a state) outside the door, cooing and gushing at the cuteness of them. How they all woke up and were in the same place was a mystery, but how they were keeping quiet was even more astounding.

It was a shame that only fifteen minutes later, when the States heard the plug being pulled, they all scattered like the wind, not wanting to be caught by Alaska.

And when Alaska and Hawaii did come out, they saw thirty-something States on the couch, trying desperately not to laugh. The others were somewhere else, probably hiding. Iowa got up from her spot on the couch and walked with Hawaii and Alaska up the stairs to help Hawaii with her hula skirt. The other States non-laughing streak only worked until the three got upstairs and went in their respective rooms, because then they lost it, and started to laugh at the fact Alaska played with dolls.

Barbie dolls at that.

The laughter eventually died down and they all focused on the T.V that was running. Rhode Island finally waking from his sleep asking what happened, with New York and New Jersey filling him in,

trying not to fall off the circle couch in laughter.

Chapter 3: One crazy brother and his pet crocodile.

[image]

This one is rather short, because I didn't really want to clump everything in...

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Forty minutes later Texas ran upstairs to America's room.

None of the States had went into Florida-Man's room, thinking that the crazy man with the Red Cross and state seal as a flag taught Sincerely to try and eat them (he probably did teach the crocodile to do that at some point).

They also didn't want to be weirded out by Florida-Man's random assortment of things, so he had his own room. It was an unspoken rule that anyone who went into his room and came out both mentally and physically okay would receive a *literal cake* as a token of gratitude for being alive.

Thrill-seekers.

Texas busted open America's room door like he was a policeman, arms flailing and everything dramatic.

"Pa! Florida-Man 'asn't come down yet. Whadda'- *wait.* What are ye doin'?" Texas asked, his different shaped eye pupils flashing confusion at what his father was doing. America had his head in a gigantic orange bucket/box of random things, and it looked a tiny bit weird to the average person. Texas couldn't even see his head, and was lowkey creeped-out.

"I-Umm, I'm looking for something. Florida hasn't come down yet?"
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America questioned, taking his head out of the assortment of random things. His eyes were closed shut as she shock his head, making sure nothing was on his head before he put his sunglasses back on and looked to Texas.

"No. Whadda' we do?"

"I'm going to check his room, and if he's not there we are all going to search this house top to bottom to look for him," America explained, sounding so serious that he even slightly surprised himself. The Texan was surprised as well. America was only ever like that if something was seriously wrong, but Texas hoped he was mistaken with that assumption.

They left America's room, and the young state couldn't contain his excitement any more.

"Y'all! Pa is goin' into Florida-Man's room!" Texas yelled, and America didn't even make it to Florida's room before every State in the entire house was now on the third floor. They were excited- and worried- about what was in their brothers room.

The last time anyone other than Florida or Sincerely went in there was about three months ago, when Alabama stupidly went in there to get his red bandana that Florida-man took. He was shot at as soon as his foot entered, and was instantly knocked unconscious.

It was a miracle Florida-Man cared about his brother, or he would have switched from his Nerf-ammo to real bullets.

...Or would he have?

Florida was a strange state, and no one other than Iowa and America could even *partly* understand him, and that was far-fetched.

"Dad, *please* be careful. You don't know what dangers are in his room,"

"What if Sincerely rips his arm off?"

"Is Florida-Man even in there?"

"What if Alabama is in there with him- *HEY*!" Nebraska yelled when someone swatted her arm. "I'm right 'ere!" Alabama yelled at his sister, his baby blue eyes clearly showing he was unamused at that comment.

Sure, it was known that Alabama had legalized first-cousin marriage, but he wasn't the only state. And he didn't have any romantic feelings towards Florida either, but for some reason, everyone teased him for it. It's not like it was his fault he shipped his family members together.

It wasn't his fault Florida seemed to have an interest in both males and females. No one actually knew what sexuality they were, because America hasn't even let his States visit their homeland as regular people (normal humans see StateHumans and CountryHumans as normal human beings, not them in their flag-forms).

The American Country was paranoid another Country who was visiting America would see them in their flag form and start asking questions. Especially if either of them were the EU, UN, or Great Britain.

"Guys, you need to be quiet. If Father needs help we won't hear him," Iowa said to her siblings, and every State quickly shut their mouths and watched for America. "Thanks Iowa," The country said, walking closer to Florida-Man's room.

America grabbed Florida's doorknob, and turned it, half expecting it to start a chain reaction, and half expecting it to be locked. He paused for a few seconds, then opened the door. *It's not locked...* he thought, putting that fact in his mental notes. Once America realized nothing was going to harm him, he let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. So did the States.

After a few seconds of gaining his confidence, America slowly walked into the room, not wanting to trigger anything. The States had piled on top of each other, trying to see into their brothers room. Their eyes went everywhere, and when America weirdly weaved his was to the centre of the room, so did his.

"Where is Sincerely?"

"Why are his half his room painted pink and the other half blue?"

"Huh, Florida-Mans' room looks almost normal! He actually has a bed!"

"Except for that gigantic looking box over to dads right..."

America snapped his attention to where his States were now looking, and saw a gigantic box in the corner. It was probably originally black, but it had scratches all over it and had red paint randomly in blotches all over. At least, he *hoped* it was red paint.

America lifted his glasses up just so he could see the box properly, then quickly put them back on, relieved he was facing away from the door where his children were, and walked over to the box. "Dad, are you going to open it?" New York grunted out his question, because the blue-skinned male was getting tired of his siblings piling on top of him to see into Florida's room.

America didn't respond to his son, but he reached his hand so it was on the handle of the box. He lifted, but the box didn't open. The country then noticed that there was a keyhole, and he didn't have the key. So he let go of the box. "We need a key," He finally said, causing most of the states to whine in disappointment. He stood up and walked back to his children, dissatisfaction on both his and the States face's.

"Florida is not in here, search the house. If no one finds him in fifteen minutes, meet me in the living room. And search for Sincerely too," America then told them, that same seriousness in his voice.

And everyone started to look for their crazy brother and pet crocodile.

"Wait, does this mean that dad gets a cake?"

"Did someone say *cake*???"

Chapter 4: The Basement.

[image]

I honestly don't even remember the date I published this on 'cause I'm in the middle of *trying* to edit this book...

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The States and America looked everywhere you could think of; the attic, top floor, fourth floor, third floor, second floor, and the ground floor, all the rooms, closets, bathrooms and spare rooms included. And even after all that, there was still no sign of crazy-State-Florida.

Fifteen minutes or so later, everyone met in the living room, Florida-Man obviously not there. The states were talking among themselves, unbeknownst to them, America was listening, and couldn't exactly say he liked what he was hearing.

"Do you think he went outside? Like, not in the backyard?"

"He knows we have to stay a secret from the outside world, for our own safety,"

"Wot if Sincerely ate 'im?"

"What if he went in the basement?"

"W-What if he went back to Papá?"

That last comment broke America's heart. It was the young State Hawaii who said that. She looked so sad when she said it, and looked on the verge of tears. He stepped out from where he was listening, and walked over to the hula-State.

The other States just watched, unsure of what he was going to do. America lowered himself so he was eye level with his daughter, and hugged her.
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Hawaii hugged back almost immediately, and started to cry. A few of the States watching also teared up, and Alaska joined in on the hug right away, with Texas following right after (they couldn't stand Hawaii looking like that). More and more States joined in, and soon enough almost every State was crying about their brother, America included.

Sure, Florida was probably the most unstable, loony, and creepy State of them all, but everyone loved him and that wasn't going to ever change.

A few minutes later, the States let go, and America looked back to Hawaii. "W-Would you like me to check?" He asked, looking in her eyes. "Y-Yes e 'olu'olu..." (please) She responded, while letting go of her father. straightened out her hula skirt, then backed away to give her father room.

America then crossed his legs, and focused on his breathing.

He needed to feel his States' presence.

The thing about America was that he knew right away if one of his States decided to leave the U.S.A, or if they stupidly decided to turn Confederate again, but he couldn't tell right away if one of his States went back to their land. In order to check, he would need to feel the States living presence, which took a *lot* of concentration. So that took a few minutes as America was not the greatest country for that kind of thing. That craziness was usually Vatican City's thing, but who's counting?

A few minutes later America opened his eyes and looked to Hawaii. "He's still in his StateHuman form," He announced, extremely relieved in what he just found out himself.

Everyone exhaled in relief, also glad that Florida didn't decide to go back to his homeland. When the Staates did that sort of thing it also put a *lot* more strain on America. Yeah, in the end America did have a say in what his children did with their land, but with the children being in their StateHuman forms, it took a weight off his shoulders that he didn't have to look after hundreds of thousands of people in a country. Now he only had to look after 51 children and keep them

relatively happy so they don't let their emotions make poor decisions for the whole of America. *What fun.*

"There's only one place we haven't checked... the Basement..." Ohio said to America, looking pretty glum.

The States weren't allowed in the Basement, because that was where America kept everything from when his States broke apart, North and South. All the states knew this; they weren't allowed there because if Confederate gained its human-like form, it would destroy America.

America knew he should have destroyed everything from that time, but Confederate was a part of him, and weather he liked it or not, it was a part of his States' history, and you can't bury history all that easily: it would always be there, haunting you down. But this was about Florida-Man, And if he tampered with the gigantic box in the middle of the room that held everything, Confederate could *easily* come back.

However, America could still feel Florida with him, so everything was okay.

"I'll go down there and bring up anything I find, and I won't open anything without you guys being there," America said bravely, putting in the impossibility long passcode to get into the basement. There were like 90 digits! How the heck does America remember that?

The States silently waited for the first minute or so, not saying anything.

But only three minutes later, when America still didn't return, the States started getting restless.

"Is dad going to come back?"

"What if Confederate came back?"

"It couldn't 'ave, us southerners would'a felt it,"

"Do you think Sincerely is down there?"

"Will Papá be okay?"

"That's it- If dad's not up here in two minutes, I'm going down to him,"

"You can't-"

Just then the door to the basement opened. "You guys sure talk a lot," Sincerely walked out, with a leash on his collar. America then came out. For some reason, there were pieces of tape against his sunglasses, and if he was trying to keep them in place. Nobody noticed. Nobody except two States, but they knew better then to question their father about his weird acts in front of everyone. *Weird. Would he tell his children the whole story?*

A b s o l u t e l y. N o t.

"Papá!" Hawaii yelled, running from where she was with Alaska to her father. The multicoloured State wrapped her arms around his leg, and squeezed, clearly happy that her father was still alive. She didn't know it, but if America lost his CountryHuman form, the States would immediately loose their forms as well.

"I'm alright, there's no need to worry," America said, letting Hawaii hang onto his leg. He let go of Sincerely's leash, and rotated his body so he was facing the basement door.

He moved his leg so that Hawaii could still hold on, and he wouldn't hurt her. America then closed the basement door, and typed in a really, really long code so that it locked. It was different form the entrance one, but nobody but him knew that.

The American Country then turned around, an unpleasant look on his face.

Chapter 5: The Library of Knowledge.

[image]

Februaryyyyyyyy 3rddddddddddd.

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"Looks like Florida took a visit down the basement," America explained to his children, not amused. He hobbled into the living room after locking the door to the basement, and sat down on the couch, grabbing Hawaii and sitting her on his lap.

The other States quickly gathered around him, waiting for him to speak. America had a small notebook in his hand, and didn't look to happy with finding it down there.

"Pa, what's that there ye got?"

"This, Louisiana, is my notebook. It has very special things in it. It is what I was looking for before when Texas came and got me. It has the code to the basement, among other things that I took a vow not to tell anyone unless absolutely necessary," America explained. Before he opened the notebook, he looked to his children. "Anyone who touches it will face an incredibly long punishment," he added, and *almost* smirked when his the States' eyes widened to the size of suckers and some of them even nodded in understanding. The American Country then opened the notebook to the page which was strangely bookmarked. It read:

Dad,
I know it wasn't a very nice thing to do. But I needed your notebook. I saw it when you left your door open and didn't appear to notice anything else, and I heard you say something about us. I was curious, and took it to take a look when you went to help Ari. But that's not important. I have noticed that we are the only non-countries that have a
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human-like form.

Canada's providence's don't have a form, and from reading this, I also know that other countries, like China's provinces, also don't have forms. It confuses me. And I have wanted to know more from the beginning, so I've grabbed the only other country (besides Uncle Canada) that knows about us;

Japan.

She will accompany me to the place you were given to guard, The Library of Knowledge. I should be back in less than a month, depending on how quickly I find the knowledge I seek.
Florida-Man.
P.S: Texas, I leave Sincerely in your care.
P.S.S: Dad, you're writing literally looks like a font. And just ask out your crush already, I felt weird reading about it.

America read out loud, blushing immensely at the part about his so called crush. "What's The Library of Knowledge? And why was Florida-Man writing like that? He never speaks like that... Oh! And who's the Country you fancy?" Arkansas asked, looking at America. The last part had a touch of teasing in it, and the other States all gave him a confused look, wanting to know who it was, except for Iowa, who probably already knew who it was.

"It's a place only a few countries know of. It has been passed down through generations, with each protector having the job of making sure the Library stays as secret as possible, as it is a very sacred place. Other than Florida and Japan, there is only one other country and State that knows of it's existence, and where it resides. A-And my love life is n-none of your business!"

"*Who*?"

America looked puzzled about what his States were talking about; his crush, or the State. So America, not wanting to answer the first one, looked to the state that also knew about the Library. And they nodded. "Alaska, and USSR," The country concluded, knowing his States would go nuts.

"*AlAskA*?!?"

"*UniOn-uNiOn!?"*

Boy was he right. The states didn't know where to look; at their father or brother.

"How in tarnation' does Alaska know?" Texas asked, looking at Alaska in disbelief. "A feww vearzz ago, Amerikkka zaid he needed to zee Vuunion-Vvnion, and I requested to come... I vanted to see vvhat my old папа's son looked like," (Father's) Alaska said, pausing quite a bit. He was trying not to have a break-down with all the pent-up anger at both Soviet, and the Russian Empire, even though the latter was no longer in his Country Form.

"Not knowing I would be the next guardian, I said he could come, and we found out together. It was unintentional of course, but Soviet explained it to me before I could tell him that Alaska was right in the next room, hearing everything," America finished, closing his notebook. It took the states a few minutes to process this information, and America could practically see the gears turning in their heads. "But what about Florida-Man?" Hawaii asked, only half understanding what was said before.

"There's no other choice. Me and Alaska are going to get your brother,"

"Pa! I wanna come!"

"Me too!"

Now everyone wanted to come and save their brother. But America knew it would only put them in even more danger. "You guys know your not allowed into the outside world, unless it's in the backyard. Alaska is assisting me so if I need help he'll be there, and because he's the least to crack under pressure if something bad happens," The country said, lifting Hawaii so she was off his lap.

The small state then ran over to her older brother. "Is Alaska leaving?" Asked Hawaii, on the verge of tears again. "Yezzz. But Texazz vill look after vou," The State with cold dark blue skin said,

picking her up.

Hawaii hugged him, tears admitting from her. She buried her head in the crook of his neck, and was slightly whimpering. Alaska also shed a tear, then walked her over to Texas, with the smaller state still in his arms.

"Texazz, look after her," Was what Alaska said, as he lowered his sister down to the southern State. "I'll try me best," Texas responded, taking Hawaii from his brother. His *Lone Star* Pupil showing how honest her was. The Hawaiian latched herself to Texas, then continued to cry on him. Alaska was about to bend down to hug Hawaii one more time, but was interrupted with his father's hand being placed on his shoulder.

"Alaska, we need to go now."

Chapter 6: Russia.

[image]

February 10thhhhhh

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Alaska nodded his head, and walked over to the gigantic closet near the front door. It had every State's jackets', and it to say it's was chaotic would be a understatement and compliment. There were shoes, jackets, hats, and other things everywhere. Alaska peered into the humongous closet, and the longer the stairs into it, the creepier it looked.

After a few moments of rummaging around, the male finally found his coat, weirdly next to an *entire cake*. He tried his best to ignore how good it looked, put his black jacket on, and walked back into the living room, where his siblings and father were. *They vvvill have vfffun chasing vvwhoevvver finds it.*

"Are vvvou readyyy?" He asked America, zipping his coat up.

"Yes." America responded. The States were still piled on the couch, but snapped out of their funk when they realized that their brother and father were about to leave without them saying goodbye.

"Ye can't leave without sayin' goodbye!"

And every State piled on their father and brother, as a final goodbye. Even Texas hugged Alaska, somewhat worried for him. Everyone was incredibly worried for Florida-Man, but they *hoped* that America and Alaska would return safe and sound.

"I'll be checking in on you with the StateBond if we're not back in a few days, and I'll send Nada' over if something happens. Delaware, Iowa, you're in charge." America explained, with everyone muttering that they were okay with that.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Why are they being so cooperative? Normally I would have to bribe them with something...

Hawaii rubbed her glassy eyes and looked to her older brother again.

"**Sniff*** Bye-bye Alaska..."

"Goodbye Hivii. I'll be back soon."

And America and Alaska left the house, with The latter putting a hoodie on so no one would recognize him, or be able to see him at first glance.

"It might be longer, but we're going to walk. It decreases the chance of us being followed." America informed his son, walking alongside him. Alaska grunted in acknowledgement.

The two then walked silently for about fourty-five minutes, before they got to a series of houses. "Alaska, this is where the other Countries live. We live away from them so you all stay safe. Proceed with caution." America whispered, adjusting his sunglasses on his eyes, so he was showing his usual calm manner.

He didn't want to admit it, but there were a few select countries he didn't want to run into.

He slumped his shoulders and shoved his hands into his pockets, to seem like he was just walking somewhere. That was how he walked normally, and he hoped no one noticed the figure beside him that had their hood up and appeared to be snooping. *That's America for you.*

Alaska, wanting to copy his father in looking chill, forced his shoulders to lower, so he didn't look like he was snooping.

That worked, until Russia came out of nowhere.

"Hey, Amerika." Russia greeted, walking over to him and Alaska.

Just at the accent, The poor state froze. *Old папа's grandson*... (Father's) was what went through his brain. He remembered what

happened when he and America visited Soivet those many years ago, and it wasn't all that pleasant. And Alaska thought Russia was just like his grandfather:

Cold hearted, hot headed, stupid, and antisocial.

America noticed and wanted to continue walking, because he knew about how Alaska felt about the Russian's.

He didn't want his son to feel this way, but he couldn't just ignore Russia. The two countries had finally found peace, and were talking to each other like they were actually friends, but that was a bit of a stretch. It made other Countries think there was something more than camaraderie there, because of how fast America welcomed him back from his trip to his homeland, but was shot down when they saw how America acted towards *another*.

"Oh, hey Russia. How are you doin'?" America asked, trying to sound polite, *trying* to hide the fact that there was someone beside him who wanted to be further away from him than Poland to Reichtangle (Second Reich).

"I Kould be better. Belarus took my vvvodka, so I havvve to get more. how are vou?" Russia responded in English, looking at America, seeming not to have noticed the cloaked figure beside him.

"Eh, just going for a walk..." America trailed off, trying to end this conversation. It looked like the two American's were about to get away, when Russia spoke again. "Vho iz thiz?" Alaska froze, his shoulders going back up, stiffing.

The State was already on the verge of tears, and now Russia expected him to talk to him. *Great...*

It made Alaska sad. And upset. So he walked up to Russia and stopped right before the country, his hood still on. Alaska was a tall state, so his hight almost matched Russia's, but Russia couldn't see anything other than his dark blue chin because his hood was so far down, but he didn't really care either.

America looked nervous: he knew how different Alaska was towards the Russian's then to his own family, and it was kind of scary. "I-I think we should-" America tried to say when he heard a loud slapping sound.

Alaska had *slapped* Russia.

"VVou are an Мудак." (Ásshole) He spat, then walked away, tears presumably running down his face.

Russia still stood in shock, and rubbed his cheek, which was now red. "A-Amerika, vho vvvas that? He spoke Russian..." he said, rather softly. Russia was shocked, for no one had ever slapped him like that. "Sorry Russia, I can't talk now, go ask Union-Union!" America yelled, speed-walking after his son.

Russia stood there for a good three minutes, then realized that a *complete stranger* slapped him. He muttered profanities as he continued on his way to get his Vodka, buying twice as much as he was going to get originally.

"Please, slow down!"

Chapter 7: The cold, hard ground.

[image]

February 17thhhh

Happy Family Day!

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"Please, slow down!"

America ran after his son, trying to get him to stop.

Alaska was letting his tears fall freely, going in the direction the two were walking in before Russia came and tried to converse with them.

"N-Nyet," (No) Alaska shakely responded, not turning around or stopping. America then ran in front of his son, and turned around. He grabbed Alaska's face, and pulled the hoodie back a bit so the blue state had to look with his orbs into America's sunglasses.

Alaska's face was completely broken. And it wasn't just his face...

As soon as he saw America, his crying only got worse. He broke down, and grabbed on to His father, pulling him into a hug. The country hugged back immediately, but then felt Alaska's full weight on him.

The States legs had given out, so America lowered to the cement ground, and sat down, letting his coldest son confide in him.

Alaska started to mumble in Russian, but it was too quiet for America to pick up and translate in his head. He rubbed circles on Alaska's back, and kept him in his embrace until his son's sobs were merely hiccups. He let go, and looked to the state with the Big
~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Dipper on his dark blue flag.

"Better?" He asked, smiling. He was happy his son was letting his emotions out, because he would never do that around Hawaii, because she would worry for him, and he didn't want that. Alaska didn't want anyone to worry about him ever; the State somehow got it in his head that because he was adopted, America didn't love him as much as he loved his siblings. However, in his heart, he knew that was merely poppycock.

"Y-yes. Let's go," Alaska shakily responded, standing up and helping America up. The country knew this would not be the end of it, but the two American's had to save their son and brother, so he led Alaska away from the houses, and into the darkened woods that lay close by.

Thank goodness no one else saw them.

~~~

The two had been walking for a few hours now, and if you looked up you could only barely see the sky darkening. America and Alaska were still in the woods, and although Alaska didn't say it, he was worried if America knew where he was going.

"Ve have been walking for a vhile now..."

America then stopped, which caused Alaska to as well. The country then plopped his bottom on the cold, hard ground, and crossed his legs. "Vhat?" Alaska asked, confused.

Sure, his family did some weird things and random times, but was sitting down in the middle of the woods *really* appropriate at this time?

America didn't respond to his son, and he closed his eyes like he's done so many times before. He had a connection to the Library, and just like how he could feel his States' presence, he could feel how far away he was from his destination, because the Library was hooked to his own essence, from when he first visited there.

Not far... He thought, then opened his eyes. He stood up, but almost
~~~

fell over. Good thing Alaska was there to catch him. America looked woozy, but if Alaska had looked at his eyes, he would of had a heart attack. Good thing America almost always has his glasses on.

"Are vou okay?!" The State asked, clearly worried for his father.

Yes, America could feel his States' presence with no problem as many times as he wanted, but if he wanted to establish a connection where they could talk back to him, or if he was trying to feel the presence of the Library, that took his own strength. And a lot of it.

He didn't want Alaska to have to worry about him; the State already had so much on his mind, so America balanced himself and stepped away from his son, and explained that he was fine.

He had made sure his glasses were on properly, so Alaska didn't see the state of his eyes. A few seconds later America felt himself go back to normal, and he relaxed.

Alaska didn't believe a thing about his father being okay, but he let it slide. They needed to find Florida-Man.

They walked for another hour or so, not getting further then a few miles, because America kept stopping to regain his posture, or balance himself.

The sky had almost completely darkened, and you could only barely see 20 meters ahead of you. It had gotten colder, but it didn't bother Alaska as he was the coldest State. America then stopped for what seemed like the hundredth time, and looked down.

"Vhat..."

The American country lowered himself to the ground, where there were cold leaves and dirt. They were pretty far into the woods now, so it would probably take a good four or five *hours* to navigate your way out. America brought his hands to the ground, and wiped it, clearing the leaves and dirt away. Alaska just watched with confusion, until he saw something.

Something metal.

Chapter 8: Something strangely familiar.

[image]

Monday February 24thhhhhhh!
Eeeeeeeeee! I have over 500 reads!

I do not speak the language mentioned below, so if there is anyone who speaks it, feel free to tell me what is grammatically incorrect. English goes from left to right, the opposite direction of this language, so I'll be putting what it means a line below, so it doesn't mess up the English as well.

~~~~~~~~~~

"Alaska, you're going to need to be right behind me, and I'm going to need to link your arm so I don't lose you," America said to his son, trying to sound as normal as he could without sounding weird. It didn't work.

Alaska looked more confused than when your parent says they won't get mad at you then do after. But he trusted his father, so he did as he was told, after America stood up. The Russian noticed his father's struggle to get up, but he assumed it was because he was sitting in a rather awkward position.

He walked over to his father, stood behind him so close their backs were touching, and linked their arms. "Ready," He said, and let America do the rest.

"פילן מיין עסאַנס און וויסן איך בין דיין גאַרדיאַן."

(Feel my essence and know I'm your guardian) America spoke. The language sounded familiar to Alaska in a way, but he didn't know how.
~~~~~~~~~~

Alaska was taken out of his thoughts when the metal they were standing on glowed a reddish hue, then turned into blue. While glowing, Alaska felt his head start to hurt, as if it was being searched through. It only lasted a few seconds though, as the pain simmered down and the blue hue vanished as well.

"אַקסעס געגעבן."

(Access given) A robotic-like voice responded, and nearly scared Alaska half to death.

America and Alaska were then plunged into darkness, as the metal floor below them gave out. Alaska learned in the earliest stages of his life (before Ame) that if there was nothing that could hurt you, you shouldn't scream, even if you were scared. So he bit down on his tongue and let the seemingly bottomless pit take himself and his father to their destination.

The tunnel was pitch black, so they couldn't see their surroundings. The two then jerked sideways, a sound of discomfort coming from both, then jerked again the other way.

Alaska felt that if he was jerked again without warning he would certainly lose the soggy popcorn he and Hawaii had that very morning.

The State's wish has come true when he and his father started to slow down, which was nearly impossible because they were descending straight down for the last thirty-something seconds. It was almost if gravity had given out, but only enough to slow them down.

However it happened, it did, and Alaska was thankful that he wouldn't be lurching right now. The American's then came into contact with the ground below them, and then the anti-gravity-like generator stopped, and both America and Alaska could both feel their own body weight.

"Alaska, you can let go now," America told his son, and Alaska sheepishly unhooked his arms from his father.

The State then took this time to look at his surroundings. It looked as if they were on a small platform, and there were only two torches for light on each side of the wall, which was black. The platform itself was the same metal as the one Alaska and America were on before, and it made the former wonder if this one was a secret way to an even deeper place. The temperature was no longer cold, and was actually quite warm, but Alaska still kept his jacket on.

Just off the platform, there was a door, but it didn't have any handles, and made Alaska wonder if it was one of those sliding doors like the ones at Walmart, or Costco.

America led his son towards the door, and Alaska's theory was proven correct when the door started to slide open. They walked inside, and there was a dark corridor, with only a few torches so you could see where you were going.

Huh. You would think that everything would be high tech...

The American's then walked down the long corridor. It took about *ten entire minutes* for them to get to the end, where there was another door. But this one had a doorknob. But before America turned the knob, Alaska asked him a question.

"Vhy did the thingy let Florida-Man in? It had to recognize your essence to let us in..." Alaska trailed off, confused. But America knew why.

"Because, he has my DNA; I'm made of all the states, so it would let Florida in, thinking it was me. It goes for the other states. It let Japan in because she was with him, and it deemed her light enough to enter. I really need to fix that..." America explained to his son, hoping to clear his confusion.

Alaska still had *hundreds of thousands* more questions, but answering that one would keep him content for awhile.

Chapter 9: Greetings from a Niko Country.

[image]

[Short Chapter]

America turned his attention back to the door in front of him, and braced himself. On the other side of that door was the real entrance to the Library, and when he opened it, the magical barrier would break and rush into him, but only if something was wrong.

If something *was* wrong, everyone could be put in danger.

He turned the knob and opened the door, quickly getting himself and Alaska inside.

As soon as America closed the door, it all rushed to him. He could feel the energy passing through him, meaning that someone was reading a book; a book that was not meant for them. The pain rushed to his head, and he felt every emotion in the world.

He was about to sit down and take a breather for a moment, before someone jumped on him, and that someone happened to have cat-like ears and a tail.

"こんにちは アメリカ!" (Hello America!) Japan greeted, the jump on Ame as a welcoming gesture, her cheeks slightly pink. America could usually hold her weight, even if he was caught off guard, but his head was pounding, and he couldn't see straight, so he did the only other natural thing he could do- he fell onto the ground.

"Oof- Uh, h-hi Japan..." America strained, looking at the Niko that was now on top of him. Even though he had a small weight on him, he rather enjoyed the fact he was on the ground, because he didn't have to rely on his legs to carry him. He noticed the position they were in, and his cheeks flared an unnatural colour, but with them already being red, it didn't look all that different.

Japan immediately took notice of the way her friend responded to her, and the fact that he dropped her, so she immediately jumped off him and to the side (while pink cheeked), and helped him sit up properly.

"Thanks..." The American country said, trying to collect himself. It was hard to do so, his head hurt like he just got shot. "Japan," Alaska acknowledged, nodding his head to the Niko.

She greeted him back, and both the male and female closed in on America, not sure what to do now. "J-Japan, do you k-know where Florida is?" America shakely asked, pushing his glasses up so neither she or his son could see the state his eyes were most-likely in.

"Florida-Man-kōhai went into a section called *Life*, and I was about to follow him, but got distracted with the Manga section. There actually is one! Before we leave, you have to come look with me!" Japan explained, playing with her tail.

Oh no...

"U-uh, sure," America said, looking beyond Japan and at the floor, trying to correct his vision. He could see clearly enough, so he attempted to get up, flailing his arms like a child wanting to be picked up. "Urgggg,"

Alaska ended up helping him though. "Are vou okay?" The State asked, even more worried for his father then he was a while ago.

"Y-yeah. You and J-Japan go look a-around," America said, walking slowly in the direction of where the section his son was in. "O-Okay...." Alaska said, and took in his surroundings.

The place was gigantic! There were shelves all the way to the ceiling and back down again. Despite being so far below ground level, the assortment of torches on the wall made the atmosphere rather warm, but Alaska decided it would be better if he kept his coat on. The State decided to look at the ceiling, and nearly wet himself.

There were gargoyles, and they were really creepy. Like *really* creepy. They were somehow prompt so they were looking down on any unfortunate person who happened to look up at them, and made you feel that they were going to fall any moment.

Their eyes we're starting into the depths of your soul, and some of them were *almost* smiling, but not quite. Alaska looked back down again and made a mental note to not look at the ceiling again.

Chapter 10: Red Eyes.

[image]

Monday March 9thhhh

Ugh- No matter how much I write it's never enough!

Fjsngnndnsnvn
😩😩
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America staggered through the bookcases, looking for the section his crazy son was in.

The assortment of torches were already making the gigantic room of books warm, but with America's running/staggering all over the place, he was sweating like crazy.

However, even if he had no clue where he was going, he would still be able to find Florida-Man through his bond with him, and the Library. It warned him if something was wrong, but with Florida's connection with him to top of it off, it made him unstable, and ten times more powerful.

He was feeling sick as well, like he would through up at any given moment, and he was facing his eyes going in and out of focus, something that initially *wouldn't* happen when trying to locate one of his children.

And that worried him.

He seriously considered taking off his sunglasses, but if Alaska, Japan, or even Florida-Man saw, he would have a lot of explaining to do.

The last time anyone saw him without his sunglasses on, was before USSR made him the guardian of the Library. He had gone through a ritual, and as a result he payed dearly. Alaska didn't know about
~~~~~~~~~~

that part, and America wanted to keep it that way for as long as he could.

So, with opting to keep his sunglasses on, and each step he took closer to his son, the harder it was to actually step. He already felt like his legs were going to give out, and from the overwhelming magic from the Library he felt sick. His head was starting to throb. He was going through a magic intake overload, and if he didn't stop it, or direct the energy somewhere else, he was sure his brain was going to explode.

But *time*. Time was also important.

If Florida finished the book he was reading, then what would happen? Would his people start to riot? Would he try to recreate a ritual and end up destroying everything? Or would he decide to go back to his father? America didn't exactly know what would happen to Florida-Man, and he didn't really want to.

So possible outcomes continued to cloud his mind, and the possible outcomes only got worse with every second he didn't see his son.

He kept passing the bookcases, looking into each and every hall, trying to find his son, but no to avail.

He was starting to get confused as he got to the end of the section, near the corner of the Library. He could feel the energy in his veins getting stronger, and he knew he was close.

He knew he would end up on the ground soon enough, result of collapsing, and he needed to find Florida before that happened.

Finally, after what had seemed to be forever, America finally staggered to the last two sets of bookcases, peering into the darkish hallway. The torches only lit up certain places, book's near the torches were illuminated, while books further away were rather caliginous.

He saw Florida, crouched at the very end on the floor, his back against the bookcase. He was wearing a coat that was covering his face like Alaska was previously, but the colour was similar to his

flag.

America felt relieved his son was alive, but was also incredibly disappointed and angry. He walked over to Florida-Man, stopping to lean against the books a few times to regain his balance. When he finally got there, he *almost* yelled at him.

"Florida. What the absolute hell drove you to come here? With Japan as well? You didn't only put yourself in-" America lectured, but stopped when he noticed Florida hadn't said anything, or even looked at his father. "...Florida...?" He asked, dropping to the floor to get a better look at his son.

Florida-Man finally peered up at America, but only for a few seconds before he looked back to the book. America gasped. Sure, he knew that Florida was reading a book he was never meant to even touch in his life, but he didn't think Florida had read *that* much that quickly to affect his physical appearance.

Florida bared *red* eyes.

He no longer had those bright baby blue eyes he inherited from America (when he last saw America's eyes they were blue), they were a dark red shade, and that was bad. It meant his people were rebelling. That was why he felt sick to his stomach, that's why his own eyes were going crazy, with him going in and out of focus.

That had only happened when his Southern States went confederate those years ago, and as time progressed, America forgot that absolutely nauseating feeling. So feeling it again caused bad memories to reignite in his brain. *Oh no, what about the States? Are they alright?*

His son, as well as his other children were in danger, and he only knew two ways to stop it.

Chapter 11: One upset has-been-Commie.

[image]

Monday March 23rddddddddd

Thanks *sooooo* much for the 1K reads!

I hope everyone who has Covid_19 ends up with a full recovery.

(Very Slight Language)
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

[Soviet Union's Residence]
[This is taking place when America and Alaska are walking through the woods]

Russia laid on his messy bed, staring at the ceiling. He was in his own room, with a bottle of Vodka loosely gripped in his hand. His floor was littered with an assortment of things, such as empty bottles of Vodka, both dirty and clean clothes, and a bunch of cassette tapes.

The usual.

Beside him on the bed were at least five other bottles of the Vodka he bought at the store hours before, but none of them were opened, *surprisingly*.

He may have gotten into a fight with Kazakhstan and Azerbaijan a few hours ago about who could drink the most Vodka in one sitting without passing out, so the two other countries rushed to the same store Russia was in before to raid them of all their Vodka.

They would be an hour or two, so Russia used this time as a *practicing* round. He knew he would win, so he didn't sweat it. But
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

he happened to remember the incident that happened beforehand with America and the mysterious someone, and now he was upset. Russia was a very dyspeptic Country, so this was somewhat normal for him.

Somewhat.

This was the Russian's first bottle though, so he wasn't *that* intoxicated.

Buttttt, that didn't mean he was going to stop right now, either.

"Ugh- That глупый незнакомец..." (Stupid stranger) Russia muttered, taking another grand swig of his drink. He tried to speak English as much as he could, but he had a habit of going back into his native tongue when he was irritated. "...называя меня мудаком..." (...Calling *me* an asshole...) he grunted, not happy.

And he was *allowed* to.

Here Russia was, trying to be a decent country, even if his father was Communist. He wasn't even Commie anymore! America had given him a chance to prove he wasn't as much of a douchebag as everyone proclaimed him to be.

He was *trying* to be nice to that McDonald's lovin, self centred, oil hogging, capitalist brat! But what had that gotten him?

It had gotten him yelled at by an angry someone who happened to speak Russian!

All he did was see America, walk up to him and ask him not he was. Was that very bad?

Apparently *yes*, because he got himself yelled at in his own language! And he just stood there like a complete idiot! Just thinking about it got Russia's blood boiling again.

Yes, it was true that many other CountryHumans could speak languages other then their native tongues', but at least three-quarters of the ones whom had met Russia were absolutely terrified of him (I mean, he *is* the son of The USSR). So why would they

insult him? He didn't know, and due to that he was getting angrier by the second.

"Next time I see Мудак-Man..." (Asshole) Russia continued to mutter as he thought of things he would do the next time he saw America with the cloaked figure. He couldn't remember how to pronounce *Asshole* properly in English, so he kept with Russian.

A vvvvery sweet punch in the vvface should do it...

USSR happened to be walking past Russia's room, and because the door was open, he heard his son mutter something about America.

He was currently on his way to ask Armenia if she knew where the heck Kazakhstan and Azerbaijan went, because they rushed out of the house at lighting speed, not telling him where they were going.

Nevertheless when he heard the familiar Capitalist country's name, he stopped dead in his tracks.

"That Америка.." (America.)

Soviet walked himself right into Russia's room, not giving a crap when he heard his son's protest of complaint. "ты сказал америка?" (Did you say America?) he asked his son, arms crossed and everything. He looked to Russia, and the latter glared right back up at him. Soviet's brown eye into Russia's.

"Da. Why?" (Yes.) Russia asked, the exact same monotone voice as his father. He would tell Soviet what happened between himself, America and the mystery person, but he was curious as to why his father wanted to know

Didn't America and him hate each other?

"Я собирался поговорить с Великобританией и хотел знать, сделала ли Америка что-нибудь." (I was about to speak with Britain and wanted to know if America had done anything.) USSR easily lied, shielding the real reason he wanted to know. Russia didn't think that was the real answer: The last time his father had spoken to Great Britain was two weeks ago (many curse words were used), so why would he go and talk to him now?

However, in the end Russia told Soviet everything.

After Russia explained himself, USSR was quite confused himself. He knew that America's children had come to StateHuman form, but the country had no reason to take one of them outside, especially when he said he wanted to keep them safe. He was still in deep thought, so he didn't really think when he asked his son a question.

"Собираетесь ли вы что-нибудь сделать по этому поводу?" (Are you going to do anything about this?) He spoke, but he was in his brain, trying to figure out who America was with. The question kind of just came out, and later, Soviet would grow to regret asking that.

Russia thought for a moment as well, then as if a lightbulb went off in his head, he smiled.

"Yes, I *am,*" He confidently stated, finishing his bottle of Vodka. He threw it to the side, then stood up and walked right towards the door to his room, walking out.

Leaving a confused USSR.

Or at least he *was*, before everything clicked.

America had a son that used to belong to Father Empire, before he gave it away....

... He spoke Russian...

But America said he would never take his States outside unless it was absolutely necessary.

Looks like I'm taking a trip to America's.

.

.

.

after I figure out where Angel Boy and Azer went...

"..."

And that Salty ass-

Chapter 12: Operation: Half a Nazi.

[image]

Mondayyyyy March 30thhhh

I know you birthday was yesterday but happy late birthday again Swaaaaayyyyy-Swaaaaaayyyyy!

I'm not sure if I specified, but this is back in time, so while America and Alaska are walking through the woods, Ussr is doing this.

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Ussr walked down the street, trying to remember the correct way to America's place. He knew it was away from where all the other CountryHumans were, as a way to keep his States a secret and safe. He was walking because right after he talked to Armenia about where Azerbaijan and Kazakhstan were, he rushed out of the house at full speed, forgetting his keys to his truck on the counter. What luck.

I could just go and ask Britain. I did say I was heading over... Ussr thought, doing a U-Turn and walking in the opposite direction he was a few seconds ago. He didn't really like Britain that much, and didn't realize when he growled in anger.

Estonia was outside on her porch, getting a bit of fresh air when she noticed Soviet on the other side of the road on the sidewalk. When he did a 180° turn it looked weird to the normal eye, and he came on as angry, which made it mildly disturbing. Then he *friggin' growled*, like, really loud, and scared the crap out of her. Estonia quietly went back inside, not wanting to be caught and yelled at by her father, who happened to be a Communist for witnessing him do something so weird.

But then Britain would have to be told of the Library... and that would
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be terrible... USSR continued to think to himself, unknowingly walking to the British Residence. *What about America's brother... C.... Canades*? *No... Canada*! *What if I asked him..... he surely knows of America's States given how close they are... And from Ukraine and Kazakhstan's descriptions he's way too nice to do anything to the Library....*

Ussr continued to think as he walked in the direction of Great Britain's residence, wanting to find Canada. France, New Zealand, Australia and Canada currently lived there, America having as well before he knew of his States and moved.

This whole ordeal was going to be hard. Soviet had to seem completely normal to get Britain to let him talk to his son, had to convince Canada to take him to America's place, convince the States he wasn't a threat, *and* get them to tell him where the heck America went and who was with him. Soviet decided to call it Operation: Half a Nazi. Because everything with Third Riech and him was terribly difficult to do back in the day, and he knew that this was only half of it. Call it inspiration.

He somehow found himself at the door of Great Britain's, and for a minute or two actually thought of walking back to his own house, locking himself in his room, and playing the National Anthem of USSR. Why didn't he just go back to his own residence? The question played over and over in his head, but he couldn't find an accurate answer.

Just speak English. Speak English. It's not that hard. He told himself, knocking on the door. And out of all the Countries that could have gotten the door, it was Great Britain himself. *Just speak Eng-* Soviet was cut off from his thought when he saw Britain, and said the first thing that came to mind.

"Guten Tag!" (Good Day)

Really Soviet? You had one job! He yelled at himself, smiling at Britain like he was normal. "Uh, Good day Soviet." He said in that British accent of his.

Why the heck was *the USSR* at his house? He didn't get to ask his

question as Soviet was the first to ask, this time successfully speaking in English. "My apologies. Do vvvvvou happen to know vvvhere Canada is?" He asked, the Russian accent getting in the way of it sounding normal-ish.

"Canada? The boy is in his room. Might I ask why the bloody hell you want to speak to him?" Britain asked, the not-so-nice words coming out by accident. To be honest, Soviet was surprised it took him this long to use it. "I vvant to ask him about Hockey. Vvor Росс*ия*." (Russia) Soviet said, thankful his son played Hockey.

"Sure..." Britain said, still curious of the Russian. "Canada, you have a guest!" He yelled, then looked back to USSR and smiled like he didn't just yell at the top of his lungs. *Just speak English, Just speak English.* Canada came walking down the stairs, and when he saw Soviet he froze.

"Bonjour." (Hello)

He then scolded hmself internally for not speaking the one language he told himself to. "H-Hi." Canada stuttered, scared out of his mind. Why the heck did *the Soviet Union* want to talk to him?

Britain walked back inside, and Canada thought this as some sort of punishment, so he thought of every bad thing he ever did, the worst being when he accidentally took a shot of Whiskey, thinking it was Maple Syrup. That was a crazy day for a young Canada.

"I havvve to ask vou about Amerikka." Soviet explained, only worsening Canada's nerves. What was Soviet going to do to him? He could only wonder, before USSR seemed to notice his uneasiness. "It's about the States." He whispered. Canada's eyes widened. *How the heck does he know?* He thought. *America only told people he trusted, so how does the Scary Russian know?*

"I vill explain evvverything on the vvey."

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Chapter 13: Driving with a Scary Commie and a Scared Canadian.

[image]

Monday April 6thhhhhhhh

Ugg- This chapter is going to be rather short because I just got a bunch of things assigned and may have spent a whole day being lazy and watching edits...

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Canada drove in his car with a very weirded out Soviet Union. Right before Canada started the car, he reached down to the pedals and pulled out three glass bottles of Maple Syrup, and USSR could only wonder how many were in the car.

It was a very awkward trip to America's place for both countries I'm the beginning, USSR was still baffled from the Maple Syrup, and it would take at *least* three minutes for him to realize his surroundings once again.

Canada was about to put on a mixtape from America to play music to stop the deadly silence, but USSR cleared his throat, and hushed the Canadians' thoughts directly.

It wasn't a secret: Canada was scared of the Russian, and was not afraid to admit it. He kept thinking that the Retired Country was going to do something terrible to him- like throwing his Maple Syrup out the window- simply because he could.

Canada was almost shivering with fear: He had a relationship (still platonic) with Ukraine and Kazakhstan because they weren't like their scary Commie father, at least in Canada's eyes they weren't.
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He didn't know if he would make it out of the situation alive or not, but he needed information. After five minutes of gathering all his courage, he spoke a sentence to Soviet.

"Um- Mr. S-Soviet Unio-n? H-How... Do y-you kn-know about Ame's S-States?" Canada asked, quivering. He had absolutely no clue if the question bothered the Russian, but if it did, then Canada would be in his deathbed right now. Because he was driving, he couldn't look at the Russian in the eyes, and he didn't necessarily want to either, but glanced over to USSR.

He looked like he was trying to find the right words to use. So Canada, being the nice Country that he was, tried to help the Retired one out. "Um- I can u-understand Rus-Russian..." he stuttered, unsure if Soviet could even hear him properly. "С-Спасибо..." (T-thanks) USSR said, almost instantly relaxing once he was back in his native tongue.

Canada was surprised. *The Soviet Union just thanked me...* He thought, relaxing the slightest. There were only two reasons USSR thanked him; because he couldn't speak English the greatest and Canada changed *his* language for him, and because the Canadaian really was one of the nicest countries out there. Maybe, just *maybe*, he liked the son of Britain.

"Несколько лет назад, когда мне пришлось отдать библиотеку кому-то еще..." (A few years ago, when I had to give the Library to someone else...) Soviet trailed, looking for the right words.

"Я не мог отдать это одному из моих детей, поэтому я выбрал Америку, потому что никто не заподозрит его." (I could not give it to one of my children, so I chose America because no one would suspect him) He kept going, stopping his sentences with a few seconds before starting so Canada would understand what he was saying.

Since when was Ussr so caring?

Я не знал, что он собирается привезти Аляску, но когда он это сделал, я подумал, что другие штаты имеют свою человеческую форму." (I did not know that he was going to bring Alaska, but

when he did, I thought that other states have their human form) He said, looking out the window and at the land around them.

Canada was astonished as to why America would take his Child outside, but the Country is very protective of his children, so it must have been for a reason. And because Soviet found out about the States by accident.

"Я был расстроен..." (I was upset) Soviet mumbled, and it was a miracle Canada could even hear him say it. But, it didn't sound like the Commie would be upset at someone who had the same blood as him, at least not for no reason.

"Ты был зол на мистера Э-Эмпайра." (You were mad at Mr. E-Empire) Canada realized, not noticing he spoke in Russian. But for some reason, Soviet didn't yell at him for saying something like that, he simply grunted in agreement and kept looking out the window.

What is he doing to me?

Suddenly, Canada took a turn into a bunch of bushes, and twenty seconds later, the two Countries found themselves at America's house.

Chapter 14: "UNCLE 'NADA IS 'ERE WITH A SCARY COUN'RY!"

[image]

Mondayyyy Aprilllllll 13thhhhhhh

The song mentioned briefly is called *The Final Countdown* by *Europe.*

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Canada stopped the car, and unbuckled his seatbelt, USSR doing the same. "т-только Америка и Аляска могут говорить по русски..." (o-only America and Alaska can speak Russian..." Canada trailed off, the shake in his voice still there

"I vvill speakk English," Soviet said, understanding where the nervous Canadian was going with his sentence. "Um, D-Deleware was probably put in charge, s-so we should see him f-first..." Canada continued, getting out of the car.

Soviet Union also got out of the vehicle, but he was confused as to why the Canadian was so scared of him.

Alright, *fine.* Soviet *was* understood to be one of the scariest Countries in the world back in his prime years (second to Third), and he was one of the largest ones.... and he was a Communist. So maybe there was a bit of a reason to fear him, but Soviet didn't think that Canada was the kind of Country to discriminate because of the type of government they were under.

Part of him wanted to ask the younger Country why he was so nervous, but that just might just have made him more skittish, so he decided against it.

The two Countries met in front of the car, and walked towards America's house. Soviet took this moment to notice their height
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differences. Surprisingly, there wasn't much of one.

Soviet was one of the tallest CountryHumans out there, and Canada was probably only two or three inches shorter than him, making him a tall one as well. The height difference was higher up two inches or so, because both Countries were wearing their hats: Canada his coonskin hat, and USSR with his ushanka on.

Woah, Amerika's house is big.

The two got to the front door, and Canada knocked, then took a step back, USSR behind him. He waited a moment, and when there was no answer, the Canadian sighed of relief, leaving the other retired associate confused. Canada knocked again. "If I'm right then North Carolina is on door duty right now. C'mon NC, look through the door hole please," He said in a rather bored tone, but somehow managing to keep his natural soft and caring one.

Canada felt a presence on the other side of the door, and knew full and well why it didn't swing open. "Don't worry, he knows about you guys. Ame told him," And that was really all it took before the door swung open and a blue blur rushed to Canada, trapping him in a big hug. "Uncle 'Nada!" It yelled in a rather *different* voice, and Soviet could only assume it was one of America's proclaimed States.

"Nice to see you too, North. We should probably go inside before onlookers look..." Canada trailed off, and North Carolina jumped, realizing his mistake. "Well, 'urry up then. Ye an' your big scary friend get inside," He said, clearly not knowing who Soviet was. *He was comfortable enough to start talking normally, I'll need to have a word with Ame about that...*

The two walked inside, Soviet clearly taller than the State holding out the door for him. He noticed North's bright baby blue eyes, and realized that they were exactly the same colour as America's. The house smelt of many different things, and Soviet wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not.

Canada took off his shoes and jacket, and turned to USSR. "Е-Если вы чувствуете себя неловко, вы можете оставить его на..." (I-If you feel uncomfortable, you can leave it on...) Canada spoke softly,

and USSR was grateful. There was no way he would take his jacket and ushanka off while in a random house. Heck, he didn't like to take the Russian hat off in general.

But, realizing it *would* be rude, he took off his boots, then realized what he just did. *What is he doing to me?* He wondered, holding himself from facepalming in agony. The door was closed, and the tiny State was now in front of Canada, leading him to the living room. When the three got there, Soviet marveled. The room was *gigantic*. He was brought back to reality when he realized eyes were on him.

There were three other states in the room other than North Carolina: South Carolina, Iowa, and Arizona. They all dropped their piercing blue icy stare on Soviet, and ran to Canada, the latter opening his arms to them.

They practically tackled him, but he hugged back just as fiercely. After a moment, they let go, and Canada stood up, his height rather useful in times like this.

"Hey guys! It's nice to see you. Good to see you haven't killed each other, and that no one is on fire," Canada quipped, looking at a sheepish Arizona when he said the last part.

"Y'ALL! UNCLE 'NADA IS 'ERE WITH A SCARY LOOKIN' COUN'RY! COME SAY HEY!" North Carolina yelled insensitivity about his uncle and Russian, and Canada looked at Soviet. *Brace yourself*. He mouthed, and Soviet nodded his head in understanding.

The house *shook*.

Not even ten seconds later a blob of colour came at lightning speed down the stairs and engulfed Canada. It was *scary*, and Soviet had to prevent himself from screaming out of surprise.

He closed his eyes, but his ears almost died when he heard really loud voices all at once, yelling a greeting to Canada. One by one they let go, and backed up to the couch, piling on top of one another. *There are so many...*

Canada decided to stay seated on the floor, and appeared to be counting the States. Soviet could hear again, and there seemed to be the low tune of someone yelling *It's the final countdown*, but Soviet didn't pay it any mind.

Amerikan's...

"Four of you are missing apart from Ame. That would be... Alaska, Texas, Hawaii, and Florida-Man," Canada stated, and Soviet could only wonder why he put a *-Man* at the end of this Florida person, because Texas walked into the Living Room, Hawaii in his arms.

"Uncle Canada!" She yelled, but not as loud, saving USSR's eardrums. Texas let her down, and she ran to Canada, the latter opening his arms to her.

"Hey, Hivii. Hello Texas. How are you?" Canada asked, keeping Hawaii in his lap after they let go of their hug. Texas hugged Canada, then walked to his siblings and flopped on top of Nebraska and Missouri, the other two not minding.

"Before I continue, I would like to introduce you guys to someone," The Maple-Syrup-loving-Country explained, standing up with Hawaii still in his arms. He gestured to Soviet, and everyone stared, making the Russian only the tiniest nervous.

"This is the USSR, also known as the Soviet Union."

Chapter 15: 'I feel good, I knew that I would,'

[image]

Tuesdayyyyyyy Aprilllllll 21stttttttt

Urgggg, an entire day late.... *ughhhhhhh* 😩😣
Please enjoy this longer-than-usual chapter as an apology.

The song mentioned is *I Got You (I Feel Good)* by *James Brown and The Famous Flames.*
(The bold are the lyrics, I was originally only going to slant them, but it was too confusing with Soviet's thoughts.)

I'm so happy that people are reading this! I actually thought that there would be like 100 reads at the *most*.... so thanks!
(≈ˆ≈)
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The States were suddenly all very quiet, and it even confused Canada for a moment, before he realized that the States didn't believe him. *Does this Country not scare them? He terrified me...* They looked between Canada and USSR, their icy-as-ever blue eyes piercing the Russian. There was only one State who Soviet could see that didn't have those bright blue orbs: *Hawaii*. Her's was brown, just like his own left eye, which was not covered with a patch.

He had seen that Alaska also had different coloured eyes, but that was because he was adopted by America. *Izzz she not Amerikkka's real daughterrrr?* Soviet questioned himself, looking at the hardwood flooring. Delaware cleared his throat, and everyone looked to him. "Uncle, is he really the Soviet Union?" He asked looking at Canada.

Canada looked back at Delaware, and spoke with utmost seriousness in his voice. "Yes. I can prove he's Russia's father..." he said, not wanting to look at USSR. If he had to prove it, it would result in something Soviet didn't want to do. "Do it," Delaware said
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simply, looking at Iowa. She nodded to him, approving of her brother's decision.

Canada gulped. He stood up and let Hawaii go, and she went over to Texas, lying with him. The Canadian country looked to Soviet, and shakily spoke to him, the fear of an upset Communist coming back. "S-Since Ame tells the States everything, n-name one thing that only y-you and he know..." he stuttered, looking down right after.

That was what Soviet didn't want to happen. He didn't want Canada, or the States to know about the Library, but that was the only thing on his mind that he could think only he and America knew about.

But if he wanted to know where the U.S.A. went with Alaska, he had no choice. And he still couldn't find a valid reason of why he wanted to do this. Maybe he was bored? Looking for adventure? And there always was something up with America, so he just went with that. "Vvvwee both knowww about the Library..." Soviet finally managed to mutter out. The States gasped. It was *USSR*. *The USSR.*

"Oh my rootin' tootin' gun..."

"Skdkfjcmfmekr!"

"Uniiii*On* uNi*Ooo*N?"

"Is he related to Alaska?"

"S*c*A*r*Y*y* Ru*Ssia*N!"

The States suddenly all bursted out screaming, all centered around the fact that the USSR, a Russian and Communist, was in their house. It was almost comical, how they all looked so surprised.

A few of the younger States hid behind the firsties, showing fear. If Soviet was back in his prime years, he would be laughing hysterically and freaking them out even more, but for some reason he felt.... *Sympathetic*.

Huh.

"U-Uncle Nada', why is he here?" Oklahoma shakily asked, grasping onto New Mexico, with him doing the same. Canada was surprisingly not shaking in his feat like he was known to do.

He looked somewhat confident. "I brought him here so we can find out where Ame went," he explained, looking from the States to Soviet. The Russian nodded, and literally every State in the room then looked to Delaware and Iowa, who somehow got squished beside each other when their siblings scrambled.

They looked to each other once more, before Delaware spoke. "Dad took Alaska with him and left the house," he started, looking at his uncle. "They went to a place Father called The Library of Knowledge, but we know nothing about it," Iowa finished for her brother, looking at Soviet, her Icy orbs piercing into his brown one. It was almost like she was daring him to do something.

Soviet on the other hand thought she was asking him to explain something, but there was no way he would explain it to children/ teenagers who blabbed anything and everything to other people.

"The.... Library of Knowledge?" Canada asked, trying to locate the place in his mind. But it was no use, he had never even *heard* of it before, so why would America take his son somewhere so random? "We got a note from Florida-Man in his journal. I snapped a photo before Father and Alaska left." Iowa said, unlocking her phone and giving it to Canada.

There were only three states who had a phone. Iowa, Delaware, and D.C, for obvious reasons. When the others protested, Ame scribbled down one item everyone wanted, and got them their desired item as an exchange for the three getting phones. USSR walked over to Canada to read what this Florida-Man wrote, and the poor Canadian shivered under him.

Once they both read it, Canada gave the phone back to Iowa, and the former visibly relaxed when he felt Soviet take a step back, giving him his muchly craved space. He was still nervous around Soviet, but was working on it. While Canada talked about how

Florida-Man didn't sound like himself in the note, Soviet thought to himself.

So, that idiot took Alaszzskkka to the Library... And now Kkanada knowwsz.

What do I-

Soviet was caught off by something tugging at his pants, only to look down and find Hawaii, who was full of curiosity. "Mister, will you play with me?" She asked, and pulled out a male Barbie doll from nowhere. She extended it out to him, and he just stared. The child actually expected him to play with her? How sweet, but no. Soviet didn't even play with dolls with Ukraine, Belarus, and Armenia.

So he just looked from the doll to her and back again, his arms crossed. He was about to say something, when her brown eyes started to well-up, making it look like Hawaii was going to cry. *No, no, no.* Soviet might be a Communist who didn't like to portray feelings and be a part of society at all, but that didn't mean he was going to let her cry abo-

Wait.

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.

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That's *exactly* what he would do.

So why did he grab the doll and plop himself next to Hawaii, who wiped her eyes and gave him the biggest smile ever? Why did he move the doll with hers in a playful action, when he was so cold? Why did he play with her, when he knew everyone was watching with confusion on their faces? And why was there a new song playing in the background? No one had moved from their seats, all in fear of what USSR would do to Hawaii.

I feel good, I knew that I would,

A minute passed and no one moved an inch, except for Hawaii and Soviet who were moving their dolls to the beat.

I feel good, knew that I would,

A few seconds later, Canada had also gotten a doll from nowhere and started to dance with the Russian and American, a soft smile on his face.

So good, so good,

Now what was once a shivering-in-fear-Rhode-Island and way too calm Iowa we're also on the floor with dolls. The music somehow turned up, and Alabama slid on his knees in a rockstar fashion over to Canada, an action figure in hand. Kentucky and Illinois were next, and pretty soon, they were all tangled in each other while on the floor, playing with dolls and action figures. Even Soviet smiled, something he hadn't done in a long time.

Canada slightly leaned onto him, neither noticing. A few of the states had started to sing and hum to the tune, and it was a jolly moment. Everyone was having fun, seemingly having forgotten about the Library. Even Soviet was enjoying himself a bit. Who knew hanging out with Canada and the States was so relieving? Certainly not the Russian.

I got you,

Amerikkans. Maybe I Kan approve of you, Kanada. Soviet thought to himself, but not in the rude and judgemental way he usually did. It was like he was having fun: just sitting on the floor with a bunch of States and a Canadian, listening to old music and playing with dolls.

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Too bad nothing lasts forever.

Chapter 16: Two Options.

[image]

Tuesdayyyyy Aprillll 28thhhhhhh, 2020.

Smh. There are a lot of what I call *switchy-switchies* in this chapter. It basically means that the settings change a lit in this chapter.

I feel kind of bad that I'm posting this so late, but *shdndnfnfnfjc.* I was helping my friend with her writing.

Smcmdmcmmcj this chapter sucksssss *sooooooooooooooo* badddd. When I'm sober and when my iPad is not at 2% I'll re-write it.

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America slid down against the bookcase (to give him some stability) towards the floor beside Florida. His legs had finally given out, and he was beyond exhausted. All he wanted to do was curl up into a ball and fall asleep, but it would definitely be worse when he awoke.

If he woke.

He had very little time, and two options that could change the lives of everyone.

He could try and take the book from his son, but there was no telling if Florida-Man's health would suddenly drop, or if he would surge and steal the remaining of America's. Florida wasn't your average StateHuman: He was crazy. That made it so much more dangerous. America's other option was the one he hated the most. He never wanted to do this in his life again, but here he was, cornered.

He would have to call his States back to him, and loose them.

There was no doubt that the other States could feel the tremble of
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their homeland, and the Southern States were probably in agony with America. He had to stop this, and with every second he bickered with himself, the closer Florida was to completing his book.

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"Uncle 'Nada, I feel funny," Hawaii mentioned, and stopped moving her doll. She shakily got up, and walked over to Canada, who put his Barbie down and opened his arms to her.

He sat her on his lap, and felt her head. "You're, you're burning up!" He exclaimed, taking his wrist away from her forehead. "W-When did you start to feel this way?" Canada asked, looking at his niece in curiosity. His natural fearful aura was starting to come back, too.

"A minute ago..." she murmured, putting her head into his chest. The Canadian peered his dark green orbs over to Soviet, who just shrugged his shoulders, confused himself. "Nada', I-I don't f-feel good ei'her..." Georgia stuttered, dropping the doll in her hand and bringing them to her head.

The music in the background suddenly stopped, and States left and right started to drop their figurines and lean on eachother or lay down onto the floor. Good thing all of them were already sitting there.

"Do anvyyy ovvv vouuu know vvhy thizz is happening?" Soviet asked. For a weird reason, he felt a weird tinge of what Canada almost always felt; *fear*. He was scared for the States, and even the concept itself was terrifying. Surprisingly, out of all the States, Texas spoke up. "It's.... Florida-Man.... H-He's rebellin'," He said in bits and pieces, closing his eyes. Canada looked so USSR once more, and only two words were on their minds.

Oh no

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"Hey, Alaska-San, do you like Manga?" Japan asked, leading the male to the anime section of the Library she discovered a while ago.

The Niko Country didn't expect him to actually respond, because it was Alaska; the Russian State who didn't like to talk to anyone except Hawaii and America. But he did. "I think Hivii showed me something called A-Anime? Bevvvore, but-" Alaska started his sentence, but didn't finish it, making Japan turn around to look at him.

He stopped walking, and held onto his head. "Alaska-San?" Japan asked, walking over to inspect the taller male. "Something, izzz.... Wrong....." he spoke, barely over a whisper. Japan's ears dropped, and all happiness in her face was gone. "Is it A-Ame-Kun?" She shakily asked, not even wanting to know the answer.

Alaska nodded, and then something struck him. It felt like a thousand pound brick had just come into contact with his head, and he dropped to the ground, unconscious.

"Alaska-Kun!"

~~~~

America gathered all his strength he had left in his body to call his states with the StateBond. His glasses slipped off his head because he was over sweating, and he dubbed over in a puking fashion, and shut his once-baby blue orbs tight, bracing himself. He had never used this much of his energy before. He had never had this much energy *taken out* of him before, even when Confederate popped to existence. When he came to life, sure, America was physically and mentally tired, but it was *nothing* like what he was experiencing now.

The Library was still surging its power to America, refusing to waver until Florida-Man put the book down. Florida continued to read, and didn't even seem to notice his dad beside him, trying to save his life. His States' people were rebelling, throwing a tantrum, and it was like a fresh punch in the face.

He could feel his other children worrying, and he also had to establish a stable bond, so he could talk to them and inform them what was happening to their crazy brother. That alone took up about half his strength, and he usually needed to take a nap after,
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but here he was, almost completely drained, and still willing to talk to his children.

Parenting, eh.

Come on, Ame. What.... kind of Country are you if you can't even..... Even talk to your children before you take away their human form?

Chapter 17: Goodbye, everyone. (Final)

[image]

Wednesday April 29, 2020
I've been writing this for the past *months*, and It's only been seventeen chapters 🤦🏻‍♀️
Next book it will probably be twice a week so I don't bore people...

Agghhh thank you all soooo much for the 100 stars! That's why I'm posting this like five days early.

(Yes, I know I didn't use quotation marks, it was on purpose.)

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Come on, Ame, you have to do this,

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[Connection Established]

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D-Dad?

It was a dark void. Slowly but surely, the States appeared, in order.
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Soon enough, everyone was there.

. . .

All but one.

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Florida's spot in the black void was still empty, and everyone started to panic, worried for their brother.

.

this is a different place than when we usually StateBond,

pa', where's Florida-Man?

Guys, look at Father,

All forty-nine States directed their attention to their father, America. He wasn't standing like he usually was when StateBonding, he was sitting down, and looked prone to pass out.

P-Papa!

When America heard his frightened daughter call out his name, he lifted his head up. But he forgot about something. When StateBonding, anything that is in your hand, or what your wearing automatically duplicates itself into your mind frame.

.

America wasn't wearing his glasses.

.

D-Dad!

**W-W-What.....? You're e-eyes....."*

When the States last saw their father without his glasses on, he had bright, beautiful, blue orbs. But now, whenever he went into the process of connecting with his children, or the Library, his eyes would

momentarily turn black.

.

The question was why .

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T-There's..... Something a-about..... Florida,

The Country saw the fear in everyone's eyes: not just about his eyes, but about their brother, Florida, the first State to ever not be in a StateBond.

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Vvve knowwww, Fvvlorida-Man is rebelling,

But, why would you call us to tell us that?

Is there something wrong with him?

what do you* ***think* *? He's R e b e l l i n g,**

.

America couldn't think straight. His children were bickering, and usually he could handle it, even on call, but right now, he felt like he just died to come back to life, only to be slaughtered on the spot.

P-Please, S..... Stop..... Yell-yelling,

Everyone immediately looked back to their father, and he was actually crying. Black, sticky, ugly tears rolled down his face, and even just seeing that made everyone else want to cry.

I, I'm..... Sorry, But..... I..... I N-Need to..... bring y-you all back.....

Even though he wasn't looking at them anymore, America would feel- ***Everything*** *, and it scared him. What was he without his children? He was called the U.S.A. for a reason.*

I think vveee knowww,

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[Connection wavering]

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Pa'! Please, f-forgive me! Y'all don't deserve this! I need to-

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Florida's body glitched into the black void for a few seconds, and he was red all over, especially his eyes. He tried to yell out to America, but his Confederate side took over, and if that mindset was in the void for long, he could come back.

Vvvvee all knoww vhat vvou must do. I am sorryyy ivvve never called you dad,

America looked to all his States, and everyone was crying, looking at him, hoping this wouldn't be the last time they saw their father. Florida had almost completely turned, and America only had a few seconds left with his children.

P-Papá! Please don't g-go!

If we all stay safe... Then-Then this is f-for the best....

It was heartbreaking, but everyone somehow seemed to come to terms that their father was going to take them away. It was not only for their safety, but for the other CountryHumans as well.

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Goodbye, nana,

.

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**Goodbye.... Alaska,"*
G-Goodbye,..... E... Everyone....

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.

America took a deep breath, and felt the life force of all his children. He had to hurry, but if he wasn't careful, he could merge his children, and risk restarting their minds. He gently compressed their living forces, and brought them to him, engulfing their entities. It wasn't a painful process, but looked a bit gross to the average human.

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[Connection broken]

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America shakily opened his eyes, and before he plunged into darkness again, a realization came upon him.

His states- his *children*- were *gone*.

PUBLISHEDDDDD! [A/N Chapter]

[image]

M'kay.

I'm not sure if people know this or not, but I've published the second book in the TLOK Series. The name is To See You Once More, so, if you want, go take a look! The picture above is the cover I'm planning on using, but I recently got IbisPaint X, and if I ever find where I put my drawing pen, I'll try and sketch up an original picture to replace it (don't count on it though).

Also, there's something that has baffled me from when I first started this book;

Why the heck am I doing this?

It's weird, I just came up with idea when driving downtown and looking out the window, and somehow I managed to complete an *entire* book, and have enough creativity to make a second. This book was supposed to be eighteen chapters (not including A/N's) and I wrote the chapter on Wattpad. I use Docs to write stories, then transfer it to here, but I accidentally deleted it on here, got lazy, and just skipped to the end. I don't know what happened, but this A/N just turned into my conversation about feelings □ 💀

Why the heck are you guys reading this?

That's something I've wondered for the longest time, even when I was just writing single Oneshots for different fandoms (Most of them are actually unpublished). I understand that quarantine has gotten all of us feeling down, but there are people reading this in one *swoop,* and I get notifications popping up everywhere. Kind of makes me feel bad that they can read so fast when-

I'm not complaining, I do it as well... 😳

Pleaseeeeeee continue to comment on my writing. It's absolutely hilarious to see the opinions of other people on my books.

Ohhhh, and is it weird that I'm writing a Statehuman story about America and his children? I don't even *live* in the U.S, and I never have. I'm literally just using the internet and knowledge from other books I've read for their personalities (Their books are amazing). I may have spent an hour looking up the types of marriages the states allow when I thought of making them have different sexualities, when it dawned on me: they have never been outside in either the CountryHuman or Real world. And *man* I felt stupid.

Anyways, thanks for reading this if you put up with me, and uh, I hate jellybeans.

- Saturday, May 2nd, 2020 -
[Edited - Wednesday December 9th, 2020]